Visitation of the Bleſſed Virgin.

Herod's Cruelty.

Birth of Chriſt.

Chriſt baptized by John the Baptiſt.

Shepherds Worſhip Chriſt.

Chriſt tempted by Satan in the Wilderneſs.

Wiſe Men's Offering.

Chriſt's Entrance into Jeruſalem.

Circumciſſion.

Marriage in Cana.

Joſeph's Flight into Egypt.

Stephen ſtoned.

The Lord's Supper.

Aſcenſion.

A COPY of VERSES humbly preſented to all my worthy Maſters and Miſtreſſes

In the Pariſh of Chriſt Church, in the County of Surrey,

By *Edward Heddington*, Conſtable, Bellman, and Cryer.

Prologue.

ENCOURAG'D by the favors of laſt year,
Your Bellman's once again a Poet here;
Or rather doth aſſume the poet's name,
Without his genius, or poetic flame:
But patrons gen'rous, as a proverb ſays,
Will kindly deign to read theſe humble lays;
And though much wit they boaſt not to impart,
They'll ſpeak the honeſt dictates of his heart.

On St. Michael.

BEFORE the world was made, and night diſpell'd,
Before bright Sol his glorious empire held,
Heaven's high ambitious angels dar'd rebel,
For which their ruler plung'd them deep in hell.
If angels then in vain oppos'd God's pow'r,
Let not frail man, the inſect of an hour,
Preſume, by impious ſinning, to defy
Th'Almighty Ruler of earth, ſea, and ſky.

On St. Luke.

HISTORIC records down to us impart,
That Luke excell'd in painting's noble art;
An evangelic writer too; he penn'd
The Life of Chriſt, the ſinner's ſaving friend.
My miſtreſſes and maſters, now do you,
Like great St. Luke, attend ſalvation too;
Like him, with earthly buſineſs mix divine,
Like him, you'll then above with angels ſhine.

On St. Andrew.

THIS Saint for preaching his great maſter's laws
Suffer'd a glorious martyr in the cauſe;
The greateſt tortures tyrants could invent,
He with uncommon patience underwent;
Was crucify'd, and earneſt pray'd that he
Might die, with head turn'd downward, on the tree;
An honor much too great it was, he cry'd,
To die in the ſame poſture Jeſus dy'd.

On St. Thomas.

HOW did this great Apoſtle live by pray'r,
And ſtrove to make men's ſouls his only care:
But tho' all mortals willingly obey
This holy Saint, at laſt he went aſtray;
Then unbelief did o'er his mind prevail,
And his good morals did at once aſſail;
'Till Chriſt forgave him by his heav'nly pow'r,
He then ſeek'd God unto his dying hour.

On Christmas Eve.

CHEER'D with the proſpect of the coming day,
Bid ev'ry gloomy thought far hence away;
Prove, by your glowing features and wiſe mirth,
That you indeed rejoice at Jeſus' birth.
If rich, whilſt you are keeping holiday,
Make pallid poverty chaſe care away;
If poor, contented be. Contented?—joy,
That Chriſt has come, Hell's power to deſtroy.

On Christmas Day.

HAIL, glorious day! the beſt in all the year,
When our Emanuel did on earth appear.
Hail, glorious day! joy fill the wide ſpread earth,
Let the redeemed ſhout the Saviour's birth.
Exult! rejoice! attune your nobleſt ſtrains;
Rejoice! rejoice! the mighty ſhepherd reigns:
Raiſe high the ſacred ſong, let hymns aſpire,
And touch, O God! our lips with hallow'd fire.

On St. Stephen.

BLUSH, conſcious chriſtian, with the deepeſt ſhame,
If you do not poſſeſs an holy flame;
If round your heart you'r careleſs to enfold
The band of virtue, better far than gold:
Bluſh, whilſt you ſee St. Stephen greatly brave
Inſatiate murd'rers, to the early grave;
Whilſt you, in ſuff'ring vice's vile controul,
Seal your ſad doom, and martyr your own ſoul.

On St. John.

THE bleſt St. John, half-brother to our Lord,
Was ſo belov'd, he gave his ſacred word,
That by the pow'r of man he ſhould not fall,
Although the others muſt be martyrs all;
Which came to paſs, he ſcap'd the tyrants threat,
Though in the boiling cauldron he was ſet,
And when he had exhauſted all his rage,
He in retirement dy'd, advanc'd in age.

On Innocent's Day.

O COULD my muſe, impell'd by ſacred fire,
Relate the terrors of ſtern Herod's ire;
Tell, how the tyrant monſter vainly try'd
To plunge in death the Saviour he deny'd;
How, with the love of worldly pow'r beguil'd,
Intent on blood, he ſought each tender child;
Then wou'd ſoft pity claim attention here,
And down your cheek wou'd ſtray the mournful tear.

On New Year's Day.

THE circling year once more its round has been,
And your poor Bellman has no comfort ſeen.
This day there's one year cancel'd from the reſt,
And who can tell us if we ſhall be bleſt.
Still Time runs on, and brings us to our end;
Then while we live, let's ſtrive ourſelves to mend.
There's no recalling what's been done amiſs;
Our beſt endeavours are to change in this.

On Twelfth Day.

SEE lads and laſſes round the twelfth cake ſit,
Each in great expectation of a bit,
And many a one that looks ſo rich and fine,
E'er twelve at night will be well ſoak'd in wine.
Here ſits the queen, and there the king does ſtrut,
Mute ſits another, becauſe her name is ſlut;
Whoe'er will give me but a ſingle ſlice,
May call me knave, your Bellman is not nice.

On the King.

LET ev'ry Briton's tongue with rapture dwell
On England's King, what theme can pleaſe ſo well?
In joyful notes exalt your voices high,
Let peals ſublime re-echo thro' the ſky!
George! in that name all virtue is imply'd,
Reverſe of anger, conſcientious pride;
As Alfred wiſe, as Ariſtides juſt,
Of Magiſtrates and men, the beſt and firſt.

On the Queen.

OF Europe's potentates, not one is ſeen,
Like Britain's George, bleſt with ſo ſweet a Queen.
Pure as the air which mountaineers inhale,
Mild as the mildeſt breathing weſtern gale.
When cares perplex the mighty monarch's breaſt,
She ſoothes each pain, ſhe lulls his ſoul to reſt;
With nature's higheſt gifts, improv'd by art,
She elevates each mind, and charms each heart.

To my Masters.

MY gen'rous maſters, when you're ſafe in bed,
With ſpouſe in arms, and pillow under head,
When love and peace your manly breaſts inveſt,
Your cares beguil'd, and ſinking into reſt,
Think of your Bellman, cold, and void of eaſe,
Without one comfort, ſave his hope to pleaſe;
And let not this old adage 'ſcape your minds,
"Labour beſt ſweetens the reward it finds."

To my Mistresses.

O With what words ſhall I addreſs the fair,
Sweet ſource of our beſt joys, our chiefeſt care;
Angels alone can right addreſs their kind,
But, Bellman, where can you juſt language find?
For that ſmall ſhare of virtue men poſſeſs,
To you are moſt indebted; you impreſs
Their minds to taſte above, what here below
In your delightful company they know.

To the Young Men.

O Conſecrate, young men, your early days
To mankind's uſe, and great Jehovah's praiſe;
Whilſt vig'rous minds your healthy frames inveſt,
Then of all ſacrifices 'tis the beſt;
In the Creator's noſtrils 'twill ariſe
Sweeter than ſpice perfuming Eaſtern ſkies;
If wealthy, without virtue you are poor,
If only this, of riches you've a ſtore.

To the Young Maids.

YOU youthful maidens, who are chaſte and fair,
(More precious than the richeſt jewels are:)
If you but once your virtue do abuſe,
Your reputation you'll for ever loſe;
Slighted and diſregarded by mankind,
You may, in vain, too late, repentance find.
Beware of falſe deluſion, ſure pretence,
Of thoſe who make remarks of want of ſenſe.

On Crispin.

LET this day, ſacred to the honour'd LAST,
In jovial healths, and matchleſs glee be paſt,
Let's ſpread what ſails we can, and ſore and aft,
In ſounding concert join to hail the craft;
Be Criſpin e'er the burthen of our ſong,
Whom we will celebrate dong ding, ding dong,
Till morn diffus'd around, hearts light as cork,
Shall put in mind once more to think of work.

The Bellman's Prayer.

SHOW'R down thy tender mercies God of all,
On ev'ry perſon in this ſpacious ball;
May our drench'd ſwords be into plough-ſhares made,
Whilſt Peace and Plenty ſmiles in ev'ry glade;
Erect thy holy temple in our hearts,
And blunt for ever Guilt's envenomed darts;
O! may our animoſities for ever ceaſe,
And quit this ſtage in everlaſting peace.

Epilogue.

IF ought can merit in theſe artleſs lays,
Your Bellman humbly thanks you for your praiſe;
When he at firſt began to learn to rhyme,
It was in conſequence of Chriſtmas time,
Hoping that from your bounty he might fare
The better, at this ſeaſon of the year;
Meanwhile accept theſe lines in friendly part,
The honeſt meanings of a grateful heart.

LONDON: Printed by S. BAYLEY, (No. 120,) Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel, for the Year 1800,
Where Catalogues, Hand Bills, Club Orders, Tradeſmen's Cards and Shop Bills, &c. are neatly printed, at the moſt reaſonable Rates, and on the ſhorteſt Notice.

Judas betrays Chriſt.

Peter denies him.

His Crucifixion.

Refurrection.

294568